

NellytheActress Birthday Fic

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Warning: Major Character Death

NellytheActress Birthday Fic

**A/N: Hey, soâ€|yeah, it's been a while. Let's just say I was (and actually still am for a while) on hiatus. A lot has happened recently that's messed up my schedule. I'd love to update as soon as possible, but homework comes first. But over the summer, I'm definitely going to update more often. I'll probably make a schedule of what stories to do. **

Anyways, I'm doing this for NellytheActress's birthday, as requested by her. It's sort of a tradition we've had for the past three years shared by a few other authors (look up fics such as 'Happiness' by The Wizard of Wicked, 'A birthday fic for NellytheActress' by Wickedly Hope Pancake, and anything to do with the key words 'NellytheActress', 'birthday', and 'Nelly'.)

**Warning: Major Character Death. **

**Also, not looking for constructive criticism this time. Sorry.
**

It had been a while since she'd been to the Emerald City.

Those were the thoughts running through Elphaba's mind as she stared off into the horizon. The sparkling city seemed small in the distance from where she stood perched at the top of a tall tree.

From the ground came Fiyero's voice as he called up to her. "Elphabaâ€|the fireâ€|it's rising up," he sounded panicked. "It's going to kill me, Fae, I know it is." His voice had risen up several octaves now. "_Elphaba!_" he shrieked, sounding remarkably like a

small child as he did so.

Elphaba hopped down from the tree and with a wave of her hand, vanished the fire. Fiyero visibly relaxed, flopping to the ground with his hands splayed almost uselessly besides him as he leaned his straw body against the tree.

The situation might've been comical if it hadn't been her fault. Ever since he'd been transformed into a scarecrow, he'd had a deathly fear of fire. He said it was because he was made of straw. But she knew better. The memories of his fear-filled eyes still haunted her.

Three years. Three, long years had passed since they'd left Oz. They'd survived the Deadly Desert and had actually started their new lives in Loland Hiland nearly two years ago. But now they were back.

It had been a difficult decision to make. Elphaba had been entirely against it. Fiyero had been for it. So naturally they had gone ahead with it.

She sat down wearily next to him, back against the tree, leaning her head lightly against his cotton shoulder and lacing her fingers with his as best she could.

He did nothing, staring ahead into the distance as though he hadn't noticed the contact at all.

~0~0~0~

They'd made it to the palace without being spotted. Cloaked, they'd hurried through the city, sticking to alleys and dark corners so as not to be spotted. Elphaba had dragged Fiyero as best she could without him falling or tripping over himself.

They were going to sneak in through the way the guards came, with Fiyero having known his way through it. She followed his lead as he practically flopped over to the entrance, grabbing his hand once they'd reached it. Two guards stood outside. They exchanged a glance before Elphaba nodded and slipped off a black glove before waving her hand. The guards fell to the ground, unconscious.

Pulling her hood over her head tighter and sliding her glove back on, she grabbed Fiyero's hand tighter and they began to walk through the palace, Fiyero occasionally giving her pointers on where to go, and Elphaba knocking out whomever came across their path.

They'd gotten lost several times and run into many other people as they did so, appearing more frequently as time went by. This led Elphaba to believe it was morning (that and how the hallways were lit), which was most unfortunate. They'd have to turn back soon.

She was just about to suggest this to Fiyero when he spoke first. "Let's split up."

"What?" she was so stunned that she said this louder than she'd intended.

"You go one way, and I'll go the other. After two hours, we'll meet

up outside. Okay?"

Elphaba's eyes clouded, and she shook her head warily, "I don't know, Fiyero—do you really think—?"

"Elphaba, please, I know what to do," his dead eyes looked alive finally, as alive as the last time she'd seen him before he'd become—"no, she'd made him become—"the Scarecrow.

After a moment's pause, Elphaba whispered, "All right", and they split.

It seemed forever since she'd been here—"how had she known where to go last time?

Finally, after wandering aimlessly throughout the hallways, opening doors that looked slightly familiar before knocking out the person inside the room, Elphaba found it: the throne room.

It had to be in here. Where else would Glinda put it? Hoping Fiyero had found it already, Elphaba pushed open the doors—

The first thing she noticed was there was no sign of Fiyero. The second thing she noticed was the unmistakable presence of magic. Sloppily hidden, but still magic. If she just concentrated enough—There it was. Beneath the throne.

A wave of her hand and the protection spell was gone. Reaching underneath the oversized chair, Elphaba grabbed it before taking a good look. _The Grimmerie. _It felt like forever—

She ran her hands over the cover, even taking off her gloves to feel it in full as relief flooded through her. She could find Fiyero, they could leave again—! He'd be happy. This was the key to solving all their problems. She could feel its power.

She was just about to put it in her side-bag when the sound of a throat being cleared came from behind her. Her heart sank. This was what she had been dreading, this confrontation—

The familiar voice flooded her senses, filling her with longing, grief, and joy all at once. "Now just _what_ do you think you're doing?"

She couldn't let her know, she'd make her stay—Elphaba turned around, sliding her gloves back on and putting the book in the bag. She made sure her hood was pulled over her head before standing up, dusting herself off—and running as fast as she could, hoping to dodge the tiny blonde woman clad only in a nightgown and holding nothing but a wand in her hand as she stood at the doorway.

She couldn't. Despite it still being sloppy, it seemed Glinda's magic had improved over the years. She must've been practicing, because she managed to pull off an unexpected shield that forced Elphaba back, knocking her to the floor and pushing her hood off in the process.

She lay there, winded, eyes tightly shut as she awaited Glinda's reaction.

There was silence for a few moments. "No!" Glinda whispered. "It can't be! Is it?"

Elphaba sat up and stared sadly into her friend's eyes.

Glinda grabbed at her hair, looking as though in danger of tearing it out as tears flooded her eyes. "It can't be! It's not true! You're not alive, you can't be!"

Elphaba said nothing, staring back at the ground.

"You're lying!" Glinda said. "You're someone else, someone trying to impersonate her to get to me!"

Elphaba looked up in disbelief. Surely this couldn't be what had happened to her friend in the past three years?

Glinda had seemingly made up her mind as to who Elphaba was. "Yes! You're trying to be the Wicked Witch of the West, aren't you? Trying to take the Grimmerie? Well! You won't get it. I'll die protecting it if I have to."

With a wave of her wand, she sent a blast of magic that Elphaba could have easily deflected if she'd wanted to. But she didn't, and it hit her shoulder. Elphaba hissed in pain and fell to the ground on her other shoulder as she grabbed the other in pain.

Elphaba met Glinda's eyes. "I will not fight you," she stated hoarsely.

"Is that because your magic's not quite up to her standards?" Glinda taunted. "You'll never be her. So just give up the Grimmerie and stop trying!"

"I am her, Glinda," Elphaba stated, standing up, one hand grasping at her injured shoulder. "Please."

"No!" Glinda shrieked. "Elphaba is dead! I saw her die; I was there! Elphie wouldn't lie!" At this, Glinda sent out another blast. This hit her hip, and with a sharp cry she fell to the ground once more.

"She was a better person than you'll ever know! Not someone for your criminal mind to emulate!" Glinda shrieked at the top of her lungs. "How dare you?! All of you?! So many have tried to be her! What they thought was her! No one was feared as much as her, but she didn't deserve it!" Tears were rolling down her cheeks. "And you have the gall to take what she gave me?"

Glinda's breath came in short gasps as she stared madly down at Elphaba.

"Glinda, please!" Elphaba begged.

Glinda shook her head violently. "I won't let you! I won't let you!" And with that, she aimed one more blast!

It hit Elphaba squarely in the chest. The last expression on her face was one of horror as she stared at her best friend. There was no time for her to react before she fell backwards, gazing up at the

ceiling lifelessly, splayed on her back.

Glinda, trembling, walked over to the emerald-skinned woman. She stared down, noting the resemblanceâ€|butâ€|Elphaba wouldn't lie, she wouldn'tâ€|Elphaba wouldn't try to take back the Grimmerie, not when she'd given it upâ€|noâ€|

There was a faint noise at the door, as though perhaps a bunny were trying to kick it open. Glinda walked back and pushed it open, staring as the person collapsed to the ground as it hit him.

"Scarecrow!" she stated, staring down at the straw man. "What are you doing back in Oz?" She helped him to his feet.

He stared at the floor. "Iâ€|" And then, he noticed something. "Noâ€|" he whispered hoarsely. "No!" He pushed past her, collapsing next to the woman on the floor. "What have you done?" he whispered. He looked up at her, and she was taken aback by how familiar his eyes lookedâ€|

"_What have you done_?!" he wailed, throwing himself upon the body, shaking as he did so. She suspected that if he were able to cry, he would be.

"Whatâ€|whoâ€|waitâ€|no," Glinda whispered. "Noâ€|" she said, shaking her head. "It can't beâ€|"

"It is!" Fiyero screamed at her. "She never died! Did you really think water could melt her? We escaped together, to leave Oz behind!"

Glinda wept, sinking to the ground and burying her face in her hands. "How?" she sobbed. "Why? Why would she lie to me?"

"You'd never have left us alone," Fiyero said. "We needed to goâ€|neededâ€|"

"Why did you come back then?!" Glinda yelled at him. "Why did you come back, Fiyero? At least then she'd still be alive!"

He grew silent at this, and for a few moments said nothing. Then, he said slowly, grief hanging off his every word. "It was my faultâ€|I wanted her to get the Grimmerieâ€|to find a spell to transform me into a manâ€|I wanted to feel again, to touch her again, to be a personâ€|" he hesitated a moment before saying, "To have children...not that Iâ€|" he choked on this, "â€|told her that part.

"It's all my fault," Glinda whispered. "I should have known it was herâ€|I couldn't believeâ€|"

"It's my fault," Fiyero insisted, staring brokenly at the ground. "I shouldn't have made her come backâ€|"

The two sat like that for the rest of the day, Glinda sobbing and sniffing as Fiyero stared brokenly into the distance. Finally, someone came in and shrieked at the sight that lay before them.

Glinda made up a lie. Over the years, she'd found herself to be particularly skilled at this.

She told Oz the Scarecrow had returned but that the Witch had as well. Luckily, the two had defeated her in time.

Oz rejoiced, holding more celebrations than the first time she'd "died". Not only was their greatest enemy dead, but one of their heroes had returned.

Glinda and Fiyero held a funeral in private before burying her. She offered him a place in the palace, but he refused, saying he wanted to go back to the Vinkus to see his family.

Months later, she contacted his family. They were confused, asking why their seemingly dead son would be back.

Glinda hated herself even more for letting him get away again. She hated herself for what she'd done to Elphaba. She hated herself for what she'd done to Oz. But most of all, she hated what she'd let herself become.

She was never quite the same after that. She no longer trusted her own judgment, and, a year after the death, stepped down from her position as leader of Oz and offered it to the Tin Man.

She spent the next few years at home in Gillikin, being tended to by family members who never quite understood what was wrong with her.

She eventually suffered a mental breakdown, and her family agreed they could no longer tend to her.

They left her in the care of a doctor, and that was where she remained, hidden from the world, alone in a cold room for most of the time, relishing her few moments with people.

She'd always hated being alone.

After two years of this, she grew sicker. She was terminally ill, and the doctors had no idea what to do.

She died at 32.

She'd spent the last few days of her life confessing everything, although no one believed her.

None of what she'd said was disclosed to the public, although they'd been recorded.

Her last words, however, were. They left many in confusion, wondering what in Oz their former leader, Glinda the Good, had been addressing.

For her last words were:

"I'm sorry."

**A/N: Eh, probably not the greatest. Sorry if it's too depressing, Nelly, but eh. It's 1:30 and I wanted to get it in so you could see

it when you woke up in the morning. I'm aware of the flaws, but I honestly don't care right now. Save the criticism for when I'm writing a full-length story.**

Anyways, happy birthday, Nelly!

~Madison

End
file.